

Nocturne, by Dan Abnett

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[Part One]

LOMAS: Come on. Aren't the acoustic reflectors in place yet?

BIX: Almost there, Lomas.

LOMAS: Do hurry up, Bix, I haven't got all night. We're losing the light as it is. Pay attention, please, everyone. I intend to begin the first recital in just a few moments, so places please.

FAMILIAR 6: (robotic) Test pattern shows optimum function on all peripherals, Señor Alloran.

LOMAS: Very good, Familiar Six. Merickson, that coupling looks loose. See to it. Familiar Twelve?

FAMILIAR 12: (they all sound the same) Your wish, Señor Alloran?

LOMAS: Assist Señor Merickson with that coupling.

FAMILIAR 12: Yes, Señor Alloran.

LOMAS: Can we have quiet, please? Please, quiet! Main power on. My friends, we couldn't have asked for a more beautiful evening. The sunset, the fading light against the city walls. From this distance perhaps we could be forgiven for imagining it to be a place of harmony, rather than a place of waste and suffering. (Applause.)

BIX: The core processor is now voicing.

LOMAS: Thank you. Everyone, you all know how I've struggled these last months to get to this point. I've tried to remain committed in the face of criticism and scorn. Each one of you has helped me in ways I can't possibly repay, except to let you share in this. I will begin the first recital.

(Sound builds, thunder.)

LOMAS: Yes. Yes, you can hear the theme develop. It's finding character, expression. That's it. Bring up the second bank of resonators. (rumbles.) Good. Oh, listen to it. Immortal sounds. Primal sounds. (glass breaking) What was that?

FAMILIAR 6: Several lamps have failed in the lighting gantry, Señor Alloran.

LOMAS: Replace them at once, Familiar Six.

FAMILIAR 6: Yes, Señor Alloran.

LOMAS: Bring up bank three. Bix, adjust the harmonisers.

BIX: Yes, Lomas.

LOMAS: Where the hell are those damn lights?

FAMILIAR 6: There are no lamp spares in the supply vehicle, Señor Alloran.

LOMAS: What? Find some.

FAMILIAR 6: There are no lamp spares in...

LOMAS: For glory's sake, Familiar Six. Autonomous function. Procure me some replacements.

FAMILIAR 6: Autonomous function confirmed, Señor Alloran. I will attend to your needs.

(Thunder.)

LOMAS: By the heavens. This is magnificent!

BIX: Lomas, the second bank is beginning to cycle out of phase.

LOMAS: It's fine. It, it's fine as it is.

(Harmony of voices like a wind.)

LOMAS: What was that? Who's doing that? Familiar Twelve, is there a fault? Is the core processor showing a fault?

FAMILIAR 12: Information unavailable, Señor Alloran.

LOMAS: What the hell is that?

FAMILIAR 12: Unable to answer that, Señor Alloran.

(More glass breaking. Familiar voices speed up.)

LOMAS: What? What is that?

(Everything gets louder and Lomas screams.)

(The Tardis materialises, door opens.)

ACE: Lovely.

DOCTOR: Would you give it a chance?

(Door closes.)

ACE: No, really. It's lovely.

HEX: What's that smell?

ACE: Yes, that... lovely smell.

DOCTOR: It's just dampness.

HEX: Smells like Venice.

ACE: And you'd know what Venice smells like because?

HEX: When I was in secondary, we went on a school trip to Venice.
ACE: What kind of school did you go to?
HEX: The kind that went on a school trip to Venice.
ACE: Of course you did.
HEX: Yeah, and Venice smelled like this. Wet, stony, and a bit like rubbish. Like bin day.
DOCTOR: Though it pains me to admit it, Mister Hex has a keen nose in this particular regard. Glasst City does smell like Venice, on account of the canals. Now, can we get a move on?
HEX: Glasst City?
DOCTOR: What?
HEX: You called this place Glasst City. I thought we were going to somewhere called Nocturne.
DOCTOR: We are. And we are. This is Glasst City, on Nocturne. City, planet. Planet, city. Does that clear it up, or would you like a diagram?
HEX: All right, I'm not thick.
ACE: Er, ooo, ah. Too much temptation, must tease Hex.
HEX: I'm not.
ACE: Of course not. You went to a fine school. It did trips to Venice. Best my school offered was day release to Pentonville.
HEX: Oh! Surprise me further.
ACE: (ahem) Anyway, it's just like we were saying the other way. This is the Doctor's way. He keeps us in the dark, keeps us baffled, drip-feeds us information on a need-to-know basis. That way he looks clever and we look stupid.
DOCTOR: I don't do that, do I?
ACE: Yep.
HEX: Yeah, you do.
ACE: I think you like things to be a surprise. You like the grand reveal.
DOCTOR: I don't.
ACE: You do.
HEX: You take us to places, but you don't tell us much about them.
ACE: Until it's too late.
HEX: Until it's much too late.
ACE: Or, or, you take us somewhere, and you do tell us something about it, but then it turns out to be a bit misleading.
DOCTOR: I don't.
HEX: You do.
DOCTOR: Like when?
ACE: When you took us to Breearos?
HEX: Breearos. Good example.
ACE: You said we were popping in so you could take your library books back.
HEX: We ended up staying for a fortnight whilst you negotiated the ceasefire in the Orbit Wars.
DOCTOR: Ah, well...
ACE: Or, Tau Sartos.
HEX: Reason given for visit?
ACE: Reliable laundry service.
HEX: Actual reason?
ACE: To prevent the spawning of a Zylax swarm.
HEX: A task that involved more mucus than I was comfortable with.
ACE: Or, or Nydas Three.
HEX: Reason given for visit?
DOCTOR: All right, if that's the way you feel. This was going to be a surprise. But if it's information you want...
ACE: Always useful.
HEX: Rarely provided.
DOCTOR: Humph! Now, This is Glasst City, a human settlement on the planet Nocturne. The era you come from is about seven hundred and ninety years and three parsecs in that direction. There's a war on, and it's been going on for a long time, and it will continue to go on for a long time to come.
ACE: And we're here because?
HEX: Let's see. A war, going on a long time...
ACE: Mmm?
HEX: Nope. Just can't guess this time.
DOCTOR: Actually, I've brought you here simply because it's one of my favourite places, ever. I thought you'd like to see it.

(Harpichord style music.)

KORBIN: Up a full tone there. I wonder. Oh, something sits unhappily. Playback from notation seventeen.
(A tune plays.)
KORBIN: Oh, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop. That's just too awful to listen to. Familiar? Fetch me some more port, would you? Familiar Ten, where are you?
FAMILIAR 10: My apologies, Señor Thessinger. I was clearing the supper dishes. Your wish?
KORBIN: I wish for another glass of port. (doorbell) Oh! Who's visiting at this time of night? Go answer it. Forever coming and going. I don't know how I'm supposed to get a stroke done with all these interruptions.
FAMILIAR: You have a visitor, Señor Thessinger. He apologises for the lateness of the hour.
KORBIN: Yes, yes. Who is it?
FAMILIAR: Señor William Alloran.
KORBIN: Will Alloran? Good Lord.
WILL: Hello, sir.
(Sounds just like Lomas.)
KORBIN: Will. I don't believe my eyes. Will Alloran.
WILL: It's good to see you, sir.
KORBIN: And you, my boy, and you. Glory, how long has it been?
WILL: Eighteen months.
KORBIN: Eighteen months. My, my. Let me look at you in that... uniform. Very dashing. The War Department can spare you, then?
WILL: Most of me, sir.
KORBIN: So, what are you doing here?
WILL: Disability leave, actually. The left leg here, below the knee. Not the one I was born with.
KORBIN: Oh, Will. I had no idea.
WILL: No reason you should. It was months ago.
KORBIN: Well, it's... it's simply marvellous to see you. I've worried about you since the day you left.
WILL: I know you have.
KORBIN: And missed your company, of course.
WILL: How are you?
KORBIN: Oh, the same as ever. As you can see, surrounded by my papers, my instruments. A nest of creativity, scribbling away.
WILL: And the Great Mass?
KORBIN: Ah, well. Eluding me still. I have the core of it, but there's still some way to go. These things do not compose themselves overnight.
WILL: And how is my brother?
KORBIN: He... he's... Well, Lomas is ahead of his studies as usual, pushing to learn more as fast as I teach him. Just like you in that regard.
WILL: That's good.
KORBIN: And what of you? I suppose your duties have prevented you from extending your voice, or...
WILL: No. No, I haven't completely forgotten I work here. I've managed to compose a little. An idea or two. One can't help oneself, even at the front line.
KORBIN: Good. I'm glad to hear that. Play me something.
WILL: No. No. I haven't touched the keys in all that time.
KORBIN: Humour me.
WILL: Well, there, there is this refrain that I've been toying with, it's er
(Plays.)
WILL: Something like that.
KORBIN: That's very fine, Will.
WILL: It's very rough. I hope to develop it into something one day. A requiem, I think.
KORBIN: You should. It's very fine indeed.

DOCTOR: Which leads us to the Far Renaissance.
ACE: The Far Renaissance.
DOCTOR: That's what I said. I've always been fond of the human race. There's something about loss and suffering that brings out the best in it. There's a war going on, did I mention that?
HEX: Yes.
DOCTOR: Particularly futile, particularly stalemated war against a particularly humourless species called the Foucoo. It's been going on for seventy years.
HEX: Seventy?
DOCTOR: Mmm.
ACE: Why do they keep at it?
DOCTOR: Pride. And of course, they don't recruit on the basis it will last decades.
HEX: Well, what do they say?
DOCTOR: That it'll be all over by Christmas.

ACE: And this is one of your favourite places, why?

DOCTOR: Out of adversity, wonder. I've seen it happen in a great number of cultures over the years. Poetry, fiction, painting, music. Art blossoms in response to and in defiance of the fact of war. Come up here, onto the bridge. See, up there? That's Tau Ceti. Riga. The yellow smudge of light, that's old Earth. Or it's neighbourhood at least. Oh, and over there Zeta Reticula, the Hessa Cloud, the Foucoco home system.

HEX: And where are we exactly?

DOCTOR: Nocturne is smack in the middle. Soldiers pass through on their way to the front and come back this way when they've done, or dead.

ACE: That's grim.

DOCTOR: It is. But it's also attracted to this city the greatest concentration of human artists and thinkers since the Florentine Renaissance. Right here, right now, and for a period of about thirty years, human art is flourishing in a way that it will do just a half a dozen times in the entire history of your race.

HEX: Your Far Renaissance?

DOCTOR: That's what history will call it. It will produce the plays of Casto. Sinder's Odes. The Quantum Movement. Luminalism. All but one of Thessinger's Symphonies and his Great Mass. Shumack's Sculptures. The Zeitists. The novels of Elber Rocass.

ACE: Yeah, we get the idea.

DOCTOR: I pay this place a visit whenever I get the chance. Oh, I have friends here. Would you like to meet them?

HEX: Okay.

ACE: Yeah, why not?

DOCTOR: Then let's take a little walk to Ragpole's salon.

(Music ends, applause.)

RAGPOLE: Ah. Señora Dillane.

LILIAN: Lothar. How are things tonight?

RAGPOLE: Oh, things, they're fine with me as ever. No... no Korbin tonight?

LILIAN: Not for weeks.

RAGPOLE: And Luke?

LILIAN: Too busy with his latest score to come drinking. I fear the joys of our youth are over. We're all getting too old.

RAGPOLE: Mmm, speak for yourself, Señora. What say I fetch a bottle and join you for a while, mm? I can't have you sitting alone and forlorn. It would damage the reputation of my establishment.

LILIAN: Aren't you busy running your establishment?

RAGPOLE: It can run itself. Or at least the Familiars can. Oh, how goes your painting?

LILIAN: Well enough. I'm working on a series of studies. Shadow and light on the canal.

RAGPOLE: Oh, I look forward to a viewing. I... I've been busy with my latest epic, of course. The Muse does so like to stalk me. In fact, I er, well, I could read you a few stanzas?

RAGPOLE: That will surely lift your spirits, eh?

LILIAN: Oh, why, that would be... an unalloyed delight, Señor Ragpole.

RAGPOLE: Well, if you insist. Ah, now. Yes, this. This is from the eighteenth stanza. Book nine. Lo! Inky black the night had turned, and inky black the storm, and inky black and midnight black, the soul that wrote this spurned. The soul that poured this...

FAMILIAR: Oberst Reeney.

REENEY: What have you got, Familiar?

FAMILIAR: Anomaly at the city gate end of the central canal.

REENEY: What kind of anomaly?

FAMILIAR: Unable to answer. Checking. Acoustic anomaly. Suggestion that it may be associated with atmospheric disturbances detected beyond the city limits this evening.

REENEY: Show me the waveform. That looks like a storm front. There, west of the city. There was nothing on the forecast. Run it through the city defence net. It's been a long time since the Foucoco tried anything, but you never know.

FAMILIAR: At once, Oberst Reeney.

REENEY: Nightwatch Sixteen, this is Reeney of the Overwatch.

FAMILIAR [OC]: Go ahead, Oberst Reeney.

REENEY: I've got a blip in your patch. You showing anything?

FAMILIAR [OC]: Indeed, Oberst Reeney. A stray Familiar. It appears to have wandered in from the Veldts on autonomous function.

REENEY: That all?

FAMILIAR [OC]: Confirmed.

REENEY: Okay. False alarm. Keep me posted.

RAGPOLE: And the years have come and gone, and inky black has fled. I'll see those words again my love, and see how bright they shone. And then, then I'll know you midnight inks...

DOCTOR: It's the worst poetry known to man.

RAGPOLE: Eh? Doctor. (laughs) Doctor! On my life, what a surprise.

DOCTOR: Hello, Lothar.

RAGPOLE: Oh, this is wonderful. Wonderful to see you. Ha, ha! A night for celebration after all, eh Lilian?

LILIAN: Absolutely. A most timely arrival. Hello, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Lilian, you look well.

LILIAN: Oh, I am. A little greyer. You however don't appear to have changed in the slightest. Which makes a change.

DOCTOR: Ace, Hex, over here. Lothar Ragpole. Lilian Dillane. This is Hex, and this is Ace.

HEX: Hi.

ACE: Evening.

RAGPOLE: How absolutely delicious. Señora Ace, I...

ACE: Just Ace.

RAGPOLE: Just Ace?

HEX: Unless you want something snapped off.

RAGPOLE:(laughs.) Glory be, Doctor! You've not brought along guests as feisty as this since Señora Jovanka.

DOCTOR: And we all know how that evening ended.

RAGPOLE: Sit down. Sit down. Familiar, drinks here, if you please.

FAMILIAR: At once, Señor Ragpole.

HEX: Nice robots. Hello.

FAMILIAR: Good evening, sir.

ACE: Why are they all girls? Aren't there any bloke bots?

RAGPOLE: Research apparently proved that people are more comfortable with the representation of the female form. Masculinity can be so threatening.

ACE: Hmm, sounds more like male chauvinism's still alive and well.

LILIAN: Hear, hear.

DOCTOR: Don't get too familiar with the Familiars. A robot is a robot, whatever it looks like.

LILIAN: You've never been comfortable with them, have you, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Too much that can go wrong. I've seen it before. So Lilian, how go things in Glasst?

LILIAN: The artists' enclave broods its way ever onwards, Doctor. Feuds and arguments, despondency and frustration. The universe turns about us pitiless. And the war, of course.

DOCTOR: The war. I'm looking for the old faces. I see Gustav over there, and is that Octavia?

LILIAN: That's Octavia. We're not speaking. She's thrown in with the new cynics, and quite renounced post-pigmentism.

RAGPOLE: Imagine that.

DOCTOR: What about Luke or Korbin?

LILIAN: Oh, too occupied with their work, Doctor. Too occupied to share the society of their fellows.

RAGPOLE: Ah, all work and no play, Doctor. It's bad for the soul. It breeds a... a distemper that quite inhibits the creation of art.

DOCTOR: A distemper you've never suffered from, Lothar.

RAGPOLE: Merciful heavens, no. The Muse does so like to stalk me. My establishment is of course the finest antidote to such distemper.

DOCTOR: Señor Ragpole's establishment has been serving the artistic enclave of Glasst for twenty years.

ACE: I see.

LILIAN: Serving them right, more like.

RAGPOLE: And not for much longer, I fear. Restrictions, tightened curfews.

LILIAN: Oh, anyone would think there's a war on.

RAGPOLE: There's a new Oberst at the City Overwatch. I think she's got something to prove. Security is so tight these days. This reunion itself will be short and sweet. The law expects me to lock up in half an hour.

HEX: Well, someone had better get them in, then.

ACE: Hear, hear.

DOCTOR: What does the law say about private parties after hours?

RAGPOLE: Well, it... What have you got in mind, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Korbin still keeps his rooms at Tanza's Palace?

LILIAN: He does indeed.

DOCTOR: Then I suggest we take ourselves over there, for the good of his soul.

RAGPOLE: A capital notion. I'll round up the usual suspects, and a crate or two.

LILIAN: I'll walk there via Commune Square, and see if I can rouse Luke from his lodgings. And might I trouble someone to escort me? The canal pavements are very dark.

HEX: Yeah. I'll walk with you.

LILIAN: How charming. Thank you.

LILIAN: This is very kind of you.

HEX: No problem. I've only just arrived, and I like to get the feel of a place.

LILIAN: And what does this place feel like, Señor Hex?

HEX: Venice.

LILIAN: I'm sorry?

HEX: Er, doesn't matter. So, you've known the Doctor a long time?

LILIAN: Oh, it's been my good fortune to while away the hours with him on many of his visits over the years. He has a unique understanding of my pursuit for perfection in my art.

HEX: Right. Cool. So, where are we going again?

LILIAN: To Señor Moray's lodgings.

LILIAN: Another old friend of the Doctor's. We can, I hope, persuade him to come along to the party. He's temperamental at best, and rarely likes admitting people who haven't called ahead. He'll be in such a bad mood. I love it.

(Doorbell. Door opened.)

FAMILIAR: Good evening. Señor Moray is not at home to visitors. Who calls at Señor Moray's house?

Who calls at Señor Moray's house? Who call...

(The Familiar gets confused, glass breaks, furniture crashes.)

HEX: What was that?

LILIAN: The wind, or...

HEX: That wasn't the wind. I've never heard anything like that before.

LILIAN: Music. Sound. Art.

HEX: You what?

LILIAN: My dear, everything around us is art in some form or other. The buildings, the sky, the sound of music, or a brush in paint, then on canvas. Even the, the...

HEX: The?

LILIAN: Not to worry.

HEX: The war. We're you going to say the war?

LILIAN: Now, Luke's place is just down here. The light's there, you see?

HEX: For a man who doesn't like unexpected company, leaving his front door open like that is...

LILIAN: Oh! But he wouldn't. Oh, my! What's happened?

HEX: Hello?

LILIAN: Luke, Luke, are you there?

(A man screams.)

LILIAN: Luke! Luke!

HEX: Stay back! Can't you feel that? There's something here. Something with us.

LILIAN: By all that's holy, I...

HEX: Stay back! Lilian, stay back!

[Part Two]

LILIAN: What is that?

HEX: Well, it's not art. Come on.

(Crash.)

HEX: Get back!

(Crash, glass breaking.)

LILIAN: Has it gone?

HEX: Yeah. (sniffs) Oh, hell. Can you smell that?

LILIAN: No, I can't. Wait! Fire!

HEX: Come on! We need to find your friend before this place goes up.

RAGPOLE: Welcome to Tanza's Palace, Ace. Elliot? Go and ring on Korbin's bell. Let him know he has a party of friends waiting for him in the atrium.

ACE: Big place.

DOCTOR: Used to be the residence of the Lord Marshal. Now it's just divided into private apartments.

ACE: It's very... impressive.

(Door opens.)

KORBIN: What in the name of Old Earth is going on down here? Ragpole, you reprobate, is this ruckus your doing?

RAGPOLE: Señor Thessinger. Your friends have come to call upon you.

KORBIN: No friends of mine if they batter at my door in the middle of the night.
DOCTOR: Should we come back tomorrow then, Korbin?
KORBIN: Doctor! What a day this is indeed. You're back, are you?
DOCTOR: For a brief time.
KORBIN: Doctor, Doctor. Well, Ragpole, this makes all the difference.
RAGPOLE: I thought it might.
KORBIN: Well, come on up, all of you, let's have you in out of the cold night air.

LILIAN: Luke! Luke? Can you hear me?
HEX: Señor Moray?
LILIAN: Some lamps must have overturned. The upper floors are burning.
HEX: You'll have to get out.
LILIAN: But Luke...
HEX: I'll go look. You get out of 'ere. Get the Doctor.
LILIAN: Señor Hex, what was that thing?
HEX: Go, get the Doctor. He'll know what to do.
LILIAN: Okay. Be careful.
HEX: Luke? Luke Moray? Are you in here? (coughs) Mister Moray? Mister Moray? I'll have to get you out 'ere. Oh, God. You're not going anywhere, are you?
FAMILIAR 14: Mr Moray is not expecting visitors today. Would you like to make an appoint...
(Crash.)
HEX: Hey. Watch where you're going.
FAMILIAR 96: I am Familiar Ninety-Six, from the Overwatch. Is anyone injured?
HEX: In here. In here.
FAMILIAR 14: Sorry. No visitors today.
HEX: The robot's gone barmy.
FAMILIAR 14: Would you like to make an appointment?
FAMILIAR 96: There is a malfunction. Familiars Seventy-Nine and Ninety-Two, restrain Familiar Fourteen.
FAMILIAR: Do not move, Familiar Fourteen.
REENEY: Who are you?
HEX: Who... who are you?
REENEY: Oberst Reeney, Overwatch. Let's go, shall we?

KORBIN: So which face are you wearing this visit, my friend?
DOCTOR: My current one.
KORBIN: Ha. And a welcome one. It's good to see you. I've been feeling particularly friendless these last few months.
DOCTOR: Your work not going well?
KORBIN: No, I'm stuck in it. Stuck in it like it's a swamp pulling me down.
DOCTOR: This is Thessinger's Great Mass?
KORBIN: Apparently. Is it to be catalogued as Thessinger's Unfinished, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Why do you ask me?
KORBIN: Sometimes, you appear to have some kind of... foreknowledge. As if you hold secret information, but you're not willing to share it, even with your friends.
DOCTOR: Not the first time I've heard that tonight. You're probably thinking of my intuition.
KORBIN: If you do know the future though, Doctor, I'd be grateful for a tip. There's been a bad feeling in the air for months. A gloom. A depression. The war's going badly. The casualty numbers they're shipping back here increase by the week. It sometimes feels like we're all being weighed down by a curse.
DOCTOR: Oh no, it's just you, Korbin. I've seen you like this before. Every time you're struggling with a composition, you feel the universe is out to get you.
KORBIN: Am I so self-absorbed? Tell me your news anyway. And tell me about the delightful young lady you've brought with you this time. Where is she now? Er, ah. Over there. Enduring one of Ragpole's odes.
DOCTOR: Her name is Ace.
KORBIN: Well, she's caught someone's eye.
DOCTOR: Isn't that your favourite pupil, Lomas?
KORBIN: No. He's Lomas's twin, Will. My other favourite.
DOCTOR: I thought Will signed up and went to war.
KORBIN: Oh, he did. Now he's back. Tonight, in fact. It's been quite a day for reunions.
DOCTOR: Will Alloran?

REENEY: Recorders on. My name is Cate Reeney, my rank is Oberst. I am the Colonial Service Officer in charge of the Overwatch in Glasst City. Do you understand what I've just told you?
HEX: Yeah. You're security. Police.

REENEY: *Military* police. You have a name?

HEX: Hex.

REENEY: Is that a given name? Surname? Family name? Nickname?

HEX: My full name is Thomas Hector Schofield.

REENEY: I see. You have no papers, no permits or curfew passes, no civilian warrants, no identification at all. And according to Overwatch files, let's see. Surprise, surprise. Your name doesn't appear on the census, the Register of Artisans, or the immigration list.

HEX: Well, there's been a misunderstanding.

REENEY: No, there hasn't. There's been no understanding at all. That's why I'm talking to you, so that you can help me understand exactly why you murdered Luke Moray.

WILL: You look a little lost.

ACE: No. I know exactly where I am.

WILL: You're a friend of the Doctor's?

ACE: And you are a friend of?

WILL: Señor Thessinger was my tutor for some time, but I've been away, at the front. I'm Will.

ACE: Ace. So, you use the 'I'm just back from the war' stuff to impress women, do you?

WILL: No, I use it to explain why I'm limping.

ACE: Oh. Well... I didn't mean... Oh, I really seem to be putting my foot in it, don't I? Oh, not that I'm boasting in any way about having a spare foot to do anything with - Oh God, no. Is there any way you'd be prepared to ignore everything I just said?

WILL: I could be persuaded.

ACE: So, you were a pupil here?

WILL: My brother and I were awarded a bursary to study under Señor Thessinger. But I put duty first and joined the military.

ACE: Did your brother go too?

WILL: Lomas is... far less patriotic than me. He stayed here to finish his studies. I've been wondering where he is, actually.

ACE: So you're a musician? Play something.

WILL: Maybe later. There is music playing already.

ACE: Already decided there's going to be a later then, have we?

WILL: Who knows? There is a war on, you know.

WOMAN: Oh, I say!

ACE: What's happened to the lights?

DOCTOR: Nobody panic.

ACE: The Doctor's right. Everyone stay calm.

RAGPOLE: Maybe it's a raid.

KORBIN: Oh, don't be a scaremonger, Lothar. There hasn't been a raid in years.

WILL: We'd have heard sirens.

RAGPOLE: Say what you like. Look out there. Something's on fire. Look, over towards Commune Square. Oh. Now that, that is a big fire.

DOCTOR: I'll see if I can sort out these lights.

FAMILIAR: The power relay is just down here, Señor Doctor.

DOCTOR: Come with me, will you, Korbin? You know how I feel about your robots.

KORBIN: Of course, Doctor. We'll see to this, Familiar.

FAMILIAR: As you wish, Señor.

REENEY: Señor Lucas Earthen Moray, the celebrated composer, died of violent causes at his home on Commune Square this evening. Yes or no?

HEX: Yes.

REENEY: His body and his property were subsequently consumed by a fire. Well?

HEX: That sounds right.

REENEY: Señor Moray's home is in the Artists' Enclave of the city. Yes or no?

HEX: Yes.

REENEY: And you, an individual, with no official identification whatsoever, were discovered outside the scene at the time of the fire. Yes or no?

HEX: Yes.

REENEY: Well, to review... I don't really think there's much misunderstanding here at all, do you? You're a young man. We get a lot of deserters here in Nocturne. It's the last stop, the last chance. You jumped ship, ditched your papers, ended up living rough on the streets around the Artists' Enclave where attitudes are slacker and opinions more liberal. What drove you to it? Did you think Señor Moray would have enough money to get you off-world, or was it simply a burglary gone wrong?

HEX: Nothing like that.

REENEY: Or was it a quarrel, a tiff? Were you his secret friend? His special project? The residents of the Enclave are very Bohemian. They do like taking in lost souls.

HEX: I've said, nothing like that!

REENEY: Do you understand how much trouble you're in?

HEX: I can guess.

REENEY: This city is under military law. The punishment for not having correct and valid papers is execution. And that's before we even start thinking about the murder of a prominent citizen. Should we just skip to that? A shot to the temple and some paperwork. Or are you going to start volunteering information?

KORBIN: The relays are just along here.

DOCTOR: Quiet. Something here, in the dark.

KORBIN: Be careful, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I've found the relay. The power feed has been shut off. No, hold on. Er...

(Squeak of metal on metal, distant cheers.)

KORBIN: Well done.

DOCTOR: And there's your culprit. Your Familiar's been dismantling all the lamps in this hallway.

KORBIN: Familiar, what are you doing? Familiar, answer me.

FAMILIAR 6: Autonomous function. Task parameters are to procure replacement lamps for the campsite gantries. Insufficient spares found in lodgings.

KORBIN: You're out of lamps so you're stealing them from the fitments?

FAMILIAR 6: Not stealing. Functioning autonomously.

DOCTOR: What campsite?

KORBIN: You're Familiar Six. You're one of the units Lomas took with him.

FAMILIAR 6: That is correct.

DOCTOR: Lomas?

KORBIN: Familiar Six, go to the service room and put yourself on standby.

FAMILIAR 6: Confirmed.

DOCTOR: So, what's Lomas been up to, Korbin?

KORBIN: We had a falling-out. He was so damned arrogant, not a professional like his brother. If I could have chosen which twin stayed and which went off to fight the good fight...

DOCTOR: You argued?

KORBIN: Lomas wanted fame, Doctor. You remember what he was like.

DOCTOR: Hungry for adulation.

KORBIN: Ah, precisely. He refused to work at the exercises I set him. He wanted to run before he could walk, cause a big stir and cement a reputation for himself. He'd become very taken with some exotic theory. Bio-harmonics. Have you heard of that?

DOCTOR: Yes. I have.

KORBIN: He studied ancient texts, wasted money on apparatus, and next thing I know, he's taken off into the Veldt with his Bohemian friends to realise his ambitions. Emptied my larder and my purse on the way. Helped himself to every damn thing he wanted, Familiars included.

DOCTOR: Bio-harmonics. He'd studied alien sources about this?

KORBIN: I think so. Xeno-archaeological texts. I didn't pay close attention, because it was such awful atonal garbage. What was it now? Errin? Ooban? Oh, I can't remember.

WILL: Excuse me. Señors.

KORBIN: Great Heavens. Will. How long have you been standing there?

WILL: I'm sorry to interrupt you, but you're needed, Doctor. Señora Dillane just called.

DOCTOR: Is she all right?

WILL: No, she was in quite a state. She's at the Constabulary and said that Señor Hex has been arrested for the murder of Luke Moray.

REENEY: You're the Doctor?

DOCTOR: Pleased to make your acquaintance, Oberst. This is my friend Ace, and...

REENEY: Señora Dillane. I know.

LILIAN: Oberst Reeney...

REENEY: Okay. Let's hear you.

DOCTOR: You're holding my friend Hex in custody. I've come to ask you to release him.

REENEY: He's a suspect in a murder enquiry, so I don't think that's going to happen.

ACE: Hex didn't do anything.

DOCTOR: Ace. As my friend emphatically puts it, Hex didn't do anything. This is all a mistake.

REENEY: How do you work that out?

LILIAN: If I might be permitted. Hex is one of my models. He was accompanying me on a visit to Luke, I mean, Señor Moray's home. We were going to invite the Señor to a gathering.

REENEY: Go on.

LILIAN: We found the scene as you did. The, the damage, the fire. I went to get help, but Hex tried to locate Señor Moray in the hope of getting him clear. That was when you apprehended him.

REENEY: Just like that?

LILIAN: This is the truth, Oberst. I would appreciate it if you released the young man into my recognisance.

REENEY: Your social status notwithstanding, Señora Dillane, I'm not just going to release him on your say-so. I require something more substantial.

FAMILIAR: Oberst Reeney.

REENEY: What is it, Familiar?

FAMILIAR: This report for your immediate attention, Oberst.

REENEY: Is this confirmed?

FAMILIAR: Just now, Oberst.

REENEY: Get me a transport. I'll be there in ten minutes.

FAMILIAR: Yes, Oberst.

REENEY: Señora Dillane, you and your friends may take Señor Hex from custody, for now.

LILIAN: Thank you.

DOCTOR: What changed your mind, Oberst? Another death?

REENEY: How did you know that?

DOCTOR: A logical deduction. And then, there's the matter of the look on your face.

REENEY: Two women have been killed in Semidi Street. There are striking similarities to the Moray killing.

DOCTOR: And this occurred while you had Hex in custody?

REENEY: Yes. I'll be keeping my eye on you, Doctor.

WILL: I thought I'd find you in here.

KORBIN: Hmm. Not feeling much of the party spirit any more. But I don't think I could sleep either.

WILL: Most people have left anyway. Ragpole's still about.

KORBIN: Ha. Trust Ragpole. First to arrive, last to leave.

WILL: I heard what you said to the Doctor about Lomas.

KORBIN: Yes, I rather thought you might have.

WILL: And you've no idea where he went?

KORBIN: No. No I haven't.

WILL: Why didn't you tell me when I first arrived?

KORBIN: I... I didn't want to worry you. It's not been that long, and these...

WILL: I just hope it's not already too late. The Ulanti might have known what they were doing with bio-harmonics, but Lomas certainly didn't. He knew it could be dangerous!

KORBIN: Well, I was concerned about his studies. But what can I do? I'm not his keeper. How was I to know he'd go off on his own when my back was turned?

WILL: You know what he's like.

KORBIN: As do you! But where were you when this was happening? If you hadn't marched off to war, then you could have stopped him yourself. Will, I... (sighs)

HEX : Thanks for sticking up for me.

LILIAN: Don't be silly, young man.

ACE: What's going on here, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Just what I was wondering. Tell me again what you saw at Luke's house.

HEX: Well, I don't ... I don't really think we saw anything. It was just a ripple in the air, like a heat haze.

LILIAN: Yes, but there was something there. Oh, it made me feel quite dreadful, like the pain of acute loss, of grief. The presence, it made this awful noise.

HEX: Well, it wasn't really a noise. It was... it was a feeling. It was the noise a really bad feeling would make.

ACE: So there wasn't actually anything there?

HEX: Oh no, there was something there all right. It tore that place apart. Smashed furniture and bannisters . It would have smashed us too if we hadn't dodged it.

DOCTOR: And you found Luke?

HEX: Yeah. His whole body had been... pulverised.

DOCTOR: Hmm. Sonic disruption, perhaps.

HEX: Yeah. What?

DOCTOR: The atoms of the body were literally shaken apart. Total cellular collapse. A particularly nasty way to die.

LILIAN: Poor Luke. I just wish we'd got there a few moments earlier.

DOCTOR: Did you notice anything else?

HEX: Well, one of the robots was having a funny turn.

ACE: A funny turn?

HEX: Yeah. It was sort of haywire, like its brain had been scrambled.

DOCTOR: Hmm. Interesting.

LILIAN: Oh Doctor. I know how you feel about the Familiars, but if you think that one of them could have killed poor Luke. oh, it's just...

DOCTOR: Impossible? Anything's possible, Lilian. But no, I think you're right. What happened to the Familiar was just a side-effect of whatever killed Luke.

ACE: And are you going to tell us what that was?

HEX: Of course he isn't. Because it's not much-too-late yet.

DOCTOR: On the contrary, Thomas Hector, it may be far too late already. I can't tell you anything because I don't know anything for sure. Except...

ACE: Except?

DOCTOR: This is going to be a working holiday after all.

ACE: Do you see the slightest surprise on my face?

RAGPOLE: Doctor. You're back at last. Ah, I see you've retrieved your young friend from the Overwatch. I... I do hope you're unharmed, young man?

HEX: I'm fine, thanks.

LILIAN: Has everyone gone home, Ragpole?

RAGPOLE: Well, the sun is coming up, Señora Dillane, and it's been a turbulent night. The news about Señor Moray rather cast a damper on the party mood. But I... I thought I'd hang about to see you back safely. And young Will Alloran's around the place somewhere. I sent him off to get the kitchen Familiars working on some breakfast.

DOCTOR: Good idea. Ace, why don't you go and give him a hand?

ACE: Keep him busy, you mean? Why?

DOCTOR: Because I think his brother is a part of this. But until I know more, I don't want Will assuming the worst.

ACE: Okay.

DOCTOR: Lothar?

RAGPOLE: Yes, Doctor?

DOCTOR: If I wanted some transport, you could arrange that, couldn't you?

RAGPOLE: Mmm, I would imagine so. I know a man who knows a man who can get round the martial restrictions. Do you have a destination in mind?

DOCTOR: Somewhere out in the Veldt. I don't know precisely where yet.

RAGPOLE: Hmm, tricky, but doable. I'll get right onto it.

DOCTOR: I'm obliged. Now, where's Korbin?

RAGPOLE: In his workroom, tinkering.

DOCTOR: Well, if you'll excuse me for a moment?

DOCTOR: Korbin.

KORBIN: Doctor, you're back. What happened? Is Moray really dead?

DOCTOR: Decomposing.

KORBIN: Oh Glory. We were never great friends, but... we've lost a talent, a real talent. And your friend, is he safe?

DOCTOR: Released without charges, but not safe. Actually, I don't believe anyone in this city is safe.

KORBIN: What do you mean? Surely the fire is out?

DOCTOR: It is. But it wasn't the fire that killed Moray.

KORBIN: What, then?

DOCTOR: I have my suspicions, but no proof. Where might Lomas have conducted his research into bio-harmonics?

KORBIN: The City Archive, I would have thought.

DOCTOR: Hmm.

KORBIN: What's this about, Doctor? You don't think Lomas had something to do what happened to Moray, do you?

DOCTOR: Possibly.

KORBIN: Oh dear, oh dear. And we've no idea where he is.

DOCTOR: We don't, but maybe we know someone or some thing that does. Where's that Familiar that was stealing your lamps?

ACE: Will?

WILL: Oh. I thought I heard voices just now. Do you want some coffee? The Familiars have just brewed some fresh.

ACE: No thanks. I... just wanted to say hi.

WILL: I'm glad you did. Look, you've not seen much of Glasst, have you? I could do with getting out of here. Do you fancy a tour? If you're not too tired.

ACE: No. That would be great.

WILL: Good. Well, let's go, shall we?

DOCTOR: Now, Familiar Six.

FAMILIAR 6: Your wish, Señor?

DOCTOR: Take a look at this chart. Hold that corner flat, will you, Korbin?

KORBIN: Of course.

DOCTOR: Take a look at this chart, Familiar, and pinpoint the exact location of Señor Alloran's campsite.

FAMILIAR 6: The campsite is located here, in this dry-wash beyond the ridge.

DOCTOR: Excellent. Not too far away. Korbin, while I'm gone take Hex and Lilian down to the City Archives and dig up everything you can on bio-harmonics. We need to learn more about what Lomas was studying.

KORBIN: While you're gone?

DOCTOR: As soon as Lothar gets here, I'm going for a little drive in the country.

FAMILIAR: Oberst Reeney.

REENEY: What have you got?

FAMILIAR: Pathology reports on the Semidi Street killings.

REENEY: Zip them to my station. Oh, and run me a data search. Subject, the Doctor.

FAMILIAR: Running.

REENEY: Well, well. Isn't that interesting. Familiar Fifty, I want this Doctor located immediately.

RAGPOLE: Sorry about the bumpy ride, Doctor.

DOCTOR: It's good for the circulation, Lothar.

RAGPOLE: Not far now anyway.

DOCTOR: Look, up ahead.

RAGPOLE: I see it. Couple of vehicles. It looks quiet.

(Get out of vehicle.)

DOCTOR: They appear to have set up some equipment.

RAGPOLE: Lighting rigs. Is it - that looks like a power plant. Why isn't there anybody around?

DOCTOR: I don't know.

(Thunder.)

RAGPOLE: Have you got a funny feeling, uneasy like... like the jitters?

DOCTOR: All in the mind.

RAGPOLE: It's not though, is it?

DOCTOR: No.

RAGPOLE: Oh, glory. There are people here.

DOCTOR: What?

RAGPOLE: Look. Oh, what... what could do that to a man? Is it a man?

DOCTOR: It was.

RAGPOLE: What was that?

DOCTOR: I don't think we're alone.

FAMILIAR: Good morning, Señor. Your bath is

RAGPOLE: It's just a Familiar.

DOCTOR: Wait, Lothar. Something is not right.

FAMILIAR: Can I take your coat, Señor?

RAGPOLE: Ow! Well, what... what the devil's wrong with it? Familiar, go to standby. Go. To. Standby.

FAMILIAR: Unable to process instruction. Give me your coat, Señor. We must park your... (unintelligible) ... and reach the canal.

DOCTOR: Get back to the transport, Lothar. It's out of control.

RAGPOLE: More of them. They're everywhere.

DOCTOR: It's no good, Lothar. We're surrounded.

[Part Three]

REENEY: Get down. Fire.

(Energy weapons. Fizzle.)

RAGPOLE: By all that's holy. I thought that was the end, and my epic still unfinished.

REENEY: All right, Señors. You can get up now.

DOCTOR: Oberst Reeney. What excellent timing. And what brings you to this neck of the woods?

REENEY: You do, Doctor.

WILL: So you've never been to Glasst City before?

ACE: No, never.

WILL: Never seen the Palladio, or travelled along the Grand Canal on a launch like this?

ACE: Nope.

WILL: Such a sheltered existence. What little colony world have you been hiding on?

ACE: Oh, not hiding so much.

WILL: Ballardi Quay, please, Familiar, beside the College of Art.

FAMILIAR: Yes, Señor.

WILL: So, where do you come from, Señora Ace? Oh, I forgot. No honorific for you. It may be old-fashioned of me, but I find it difficult to address you in such a manner.

ACE: I'm just a menace to decent society, aren't I?

WILL: Where do you come from?

ACE: Do you know Perivale?

WILL: No.

ACE: Then that's where I come from. Originally. (sighs) But I've been travelling for a long time now.

WILL: Yes, I know how that feels. The slow crawl of transit times. Took me eight months to reach the war zone.

ACE: And then what?

WILL: I saw four days active duty, and then spent eight months coming home again. Ah, we're here. Thank you, Familiar. Mind your step.

ACE: Thanks. Just four days? Was it worth it? Do you regret going to war, Will?

WILL: No. At least, not until today. Lomas laughed at me when I signed up.

ACE: That's your brother?

WILL: Yes. He was very quick to scorn my idealism. It's a funny thing. Two of us so alike and yet so different. I know he was pleased when I went off to fight. He suddenly didn't have to compete for Señor Thessinger's attention. So, where first? The Museum of Culture or the Lazlo Collection? And then after that, my favourite place of all.

ACE: Where's that?

WILL: The College of Music. My home from home.

DOCTOR: Your weapons aren't necessary, Oberst.

REENEY: Are they not? Look around you, Doctor. You've been very busy.

RAGPOLE: (laughs) You can't seriously believe that, that we are to blame for this... this carnage?

REENEY: I suppose you're going to tell me that the Familiars were responsible?

DOCTOR: No, but as you saw, they weren't exactly being friendly, were they?

RAGPOLE: The Familiars, they... they do malfunction from time to time, Doctor, but I've never heard of any actually attacking anyone. What... what happened to them?

DOCTOR: I think their positronic brains were completely overwhelmed by an inrush of negative emotion. They simply couldn't cope with it, and it drove them insane.

REENEY: Negative emotion? Nonsense.

DOCTOR: Is it? You felt the residual effect of it when we arrived here, Ragpole.

RAGPOLE: Oh.

DOCTOR: And you too, Oberst. I can see the fear in your eyes even now. It's an aftershock, an echo of what was created here.

HEX: So what's this place again, Señor Thessinger?

KORBIN: The City's Archive. The building was designed by Hammonton back in '51, then altered by...

LILIAN: Hex doesn't need the guidebook version, Korbin.

KORBIN: I just thought he'd be interested.

LILIAN: Well, he's not.

HEX: Well, he certainly doesn't want to spend the day listening to you two having a go at each other.

KORBIN: Good point. My apologies, Señor Hex, Señora Dillane. I think I'm letting this whole situation trouble me.

LILIAN: Well, after what happened to Luke we're all troubled.

HEX: Is that what we're looking for?

KORBIN: Indeed it is. A curator. Familiar, a little help, please.

FAMILIAR: Your wish, Señor.

LILIAN: We'd like a complete list of all works you hold that make reference to bio-harmonics.

FAMILIAR: At once, Señora.

HEX: Will that take long?

LILIAN: Not long. Once we've got the list we can start hunting for the specific volumes and manuscripts.

HEX: And then what?

KORBIN: Well, as the Doctor asked, we find a quiet reading room and start doing a little studying.

HEX: This is getting to be more and more like my school trip to Venice.

DOCTOR: See these devices? Acoustic reflectors.

REENEY: How can you tell? They've been crushed and mangled.

DOCTOR: They have indeed, by an extreme force. This equipment here. I mean, it's hard to tell, but I think it was a harmonic processor, and these parts here were resonator banks. I mean, don't you agree, Lothar?

RAGPOLE: Oh, I'll take your word for that, Doctor. I'd rather not look too closely at... at whoever that was.

DOCTOR: Mmm. Such unbridled fury.

REENEY: Are you suggesting this havoc was caused by something the Alloran boy manufactured?

DOCTOR: Yes. If my hunch is correct, Lomas Alloran was dabbling with an alien science that he barely understood. He released an unstoppable force that could destroy this planet.

RAGPOLE: And... where is this, this force now?

DOCTOR: In the city.

REENEY: Good.

DOCTOR: Why good?

REENEY: Because that's where you're going. I've heard enough of this fantasy. I'm taking you in for questioning. You're both under suspicion of murder.

WILL: This has always been a favourite of mine.

ACE: It's quite a statement.

WILL: Shumack. Man Triumphant Above The Rigours Of Space.

ACE: What's it made of?

WILL: Olympian onyx. A single block. I understand it took him eight years.

ACE: Wow, it's amazing. What's that thing there meant to be? Down by the left foot? Is it a spider? No, a mole.

WILL: It's a Foucoo.

ACE: Really? Is that what they look like?

WILL: I don't know.

ACE: Huh? What do you mean you don't know?

WILL: I've never actually seen one. Well, not clearly. Very few have. They're subterranean, you see.

Burrowers. Very aggressive territorially. Shumack was guessing.

ACE: Tell me what happened to you.

WILL: Where?

ACE: At the front.

WILL: There's not much to say. The battalion was deployed on Zocus, about three hundred kilometres south of the principal colony. The mood was good, I have to say. We were all pretty upbeat. I think it was the fact that we were finally doing something after so long in the lag-ships.

ACE: And?

WILL: We transferred up country in ground effect vehicles. Skirmish units had reported enemy contact in the hills west of the lowland forests. We'd just left the staging post on the first day when a... a call came in. An alert. A bush patrol was in trouble. My platoon was sent to the trail with two others. Sixty men, armed and armoured with crew-served weapons. I had my blaster in my hands and I, I remember thinking I'd better remember to flip the safety off. It would be so stupid to forget that. The trail turned into rough ground. Steeper. I think overnight bombing had opened up the ground and exposed some Foucoo burrows. It was weird. These broken structures, like archways or cells, big enough to walk into. They looked like they were made from wax or bone. I can remember the noise. I remember thinking it was thunder for a moment. Then I realised it was something else. The Foucoo had mined the area, you see. Scattered micro-munitions right across the site. They were set on delay, so the first men in triggered the mines, but they didn't go off until the third or fourth wave had reached them. By then, the front ranks have activated the mines right up into the site. I was in the front ranks. The thunder was the mines going off behind us, row after row working their way forwards through the platoons, catching up with us.

ACE: What did you do?

WILL: Well, we ran, but the Foucoo were waiting for us on the far side. They opened fire and pinned us down. Pinned us down and let detonating mines catch up with us. I didn't even feel the one that went off under me. Just suddenly found myself lying upside down, knowing there was something badly wrong with my leg.

ACE: What happened then?

WILL: Two days later the rescue teams came for me and the other survivor.

ACE: And they sent you home again?

WILL: Yes. That was my war. All four days of it. You know, a funny thing, though. They said I'd been so worried about remembering to arm my weapon, at the end of it I realised, I never had toggled the safety off. There'd never been time, or the need to. I went to war, and never even took my weapon off safety.

DOCTOR: Charming cell you've put me in, Oberst. Reeneey! I'm not your problem! There's something in the city that's killed, and it's going to kill again unless we stop it!

(Door opens.)

REENEY: You would say that, wouldn't you? Sit down. (door closes) Ten dead out in the Veldt, four here in the city.

DOCTOR: Four now, is it?

REENEY: We found another victim at first light this morning. A noted baritone, dead in his practice rooms. What exactly have you got against the artistic community, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I won't dignify that with an answer, Oberst. You don't really think this has anything to do with me?

REENEY: Don't I? I'll tell you what I think. I think there's an enemy threat at large in this city. A Foucoco stealth weapon, or perhaps just some pro-Foucoco terrorists. I think I could really do with some help, and I think you're the last person I should trust.

DOCTOR: Why?

REENEY: Take a look at that, Doctor. A little research I was doing. Take a good, long look at that and tell me. If you were in my place, would you trust you?

DOCTOR: Ah. I can see your point.

FAMILIAR: Coffee, Señor.

WILL: Thank you. Er, just here is fine.

FAMILIAR: Will there be anything else?

WILL: No. Thank you, Familiar.

ACE: Mmm, this is a nice place.

WILL: Very popular with the artistic set.

ACE: Er, look. I'm sorry if I made you dredge up bad memories back there in the museum.

WILL: That's okay. I think it's good to speak of these things sometimes. That's actually my pet theory about why Nocturne is such a focus for artists.

ACE: Go on.

WILL: Well... Well, you've seen this place. It's pretty grim. A granite mausoleum of a city towering over stagnant canals.

ACE: Oh, that's a little harsh.

WILL: Just look out the café windows. Look at the great buildings dominating the skyline. The Department of War. The munitions factories. The hospices. The crippled and the invalid. It's all about pain and suffering. All that horror and loss locked into these drab, bleak buildings. The Artists' Enclave is... is like a pressure valve. The only way the pain of this war is able to escape.

ACE: You're not a soldier. You're a poet.

WILL: Music's been in my blood since I was born. On the trips to and from the front line, particularly the long haul back, I think music kept me sane. Themes and melodies that I could concentrate on to pass the time. Look, I've... I've been very rude, just talking about myself. I haven't asked you if your friend Señor Hex is all right.

ACE: Oh, he's okay. But Luke Moray wasn't so lucky, I'm afraid.

WILL: Oh.

ACE: Did you know him?

WILL: No, not really. His work, of, of course. The smoke, I suppose?

ACE: No, it wasn't the fire. That was just an accident. He was already dead when Hex found him. There was some kind of noise.

WILL: Noise?

ACE: Yeah, A, a sound, a feeling, Hex said. I know it sounds daft, but Hex and Lilian were really shook up about it. The Doctor was taking it very seriously. He thinks that this noise was what killed Moray.

WILL: No. No. No, he's done it. He's done it.

ACE: Who's done it? Done what?

WILL: Lomas. And it's all my fault.

ACE: Will? Will? What's going on? Come back! Oh, blimey.

REENEY: Eight separate reports dating back thirty years. Overwatch documents mentioning the presence in the city of an individual known only as the Doctor, usually accompanied by one or two companions. There's not a scrap of authentication, not an ounce of valid paperwork.

DOCTOR: I don't like to stand on ceremony.

REENEY: Do you admit this is you, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I never admit to anything unless I have to. The truth's a funny thing. When I speak it, people tend not to believe me.

REENEY: The truth is, you've been visiting this city illegally for a long time. And every time you do, there's no record at all of how you get in or out. That sounds like the action of a spy to me. A spy or a fifth columnist.

How do you get in and out, Doctor? Black market shipping? Foucoco covert operations? Or is someone on the inside on your payroll?

DOCTOR: I arrive in a blue box that travels in Time.

REENEY: (laughs) So that's how it's going to be, is it?

DOCTOR: There's a deadly force loose in Glasst city. An elemental force that is growing stronger and more powerful with every life that it takes. Soon it will be almost impossible to stop it.

REENEY: That's very convenient, but death seems to accompany you, doesn't it? Death and mystery.

DOCTOR: No more than anyone else in my line of work.

REENEY: Five years ago, during one of your alleged visits, two deaths were recorded. They appear to have a connection to you, though the records are mysteriously incomplete.

DOCTOR: Your records are incomplete because there was a cover-up. There was a Foucoo-sponsored plot to assassinate the executives at the War Department. I was here visiting friends, but I happened to lend a hand and stop the deed occurring.

REENEY: You were here visiting friends?

DOCTOR: That's why I come here, Oberst. I like it here.

REENEY: You may be right, Doctor. If that is the truth, it's awfully hard to believe.

DOCTOR: How long have you been in here, Oberst? Ten minutes? Twenty? Anyone died in that time? I want to help you. Let's make a deal.

REENEY: A deal?

DOCTOR: An arrangement. Let me go, Señor Ragpole too. Come with me back to Korbin Thessinger's lodgings and see what I have to show you. Then decide what the truth is.

HEX [OC]: Doctor? Doctor? (door opens) Doctor?

KORBIN: Familiar?

FAMILIAR 6: Your wish, Señor Thessinger.

KORBIN: Any messages from the Doctor or Señor Ragpole.

FAMILIAR 6: Checking log. None, Señor.

KORBIN: Very well.

FAMILIAR 6: Will there be anything else, Señor Thessinger?

LILIAN: Some coffee and something to eat maybe, Korbin? All that research has given me quite an appetite.

KORBIN: Good idea. Get to it, Familiar 6.

FAMILIAR 6: Yes, Señor Thessinger.

HEX: All that sifting through manuscripts, and for what?

(Door closes.)

KORBIN: Yes. Not much to show for a day's work, is there? One can only hope the Doctor won't be too disappointed.

LILIAN: Wherever he is.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Speak of the devil.

LILIAN: Doctor!

HEX: I was getting worried .

KORBIN: You've got authorities in tow, I see. What have you done now, Lothar?

RAGPOLE: Nothing. Noth... Why does everybody presume I'm to blame all the time?

REENEY: You've got that kind of face, Señor Ragpole. Señor Thessinger, good afternoon. I'm Oberst Reeney, Overwatch. I apologise for the intrusion. The Doctor has brought me here to show me something.

KORBIN: Like what, Oberst?

REENEY: Doctor?

DOCTOR: I was hoping that you'd had a profitable morning in the Archives, Korbin.

KORBIN: Ah. Not as such, no.

DOCTOR: Oh.

REENEY: Doctor?

LILIAN: Yes, I'm afraid there was some evidence to suggest that the more substantive works had been permanently deleted from the Archive.

DOCTOR: Deleted ? Lomas must have covered his tracks, afraid of competition.

HEX: There were plenty of references to the bio-harmony stuff, but nothing what you could term meaty.

KORBIN: And nothing at all about the Ulanti.

DOCTOR: Ulanti? You remembered the name, then?

KORBIN: Er, er, no. Will Alloran reminded me of it earlier.

DOCTOR: Will? But how does he know? Unless...

KORBIN: I'm not sure. I'm afraid we had words when we last talked. But now I come to think of it, he might know more about his brother's work than we realised.

REENEY: This charade has gone on long enough, Doctor. You've dragged me here on false pretences.

DOCTOR: Just a moment, Oberst. This is important. Ragpole, Hex, I want you go and find Will and Ace and bring them back here. Will Alloran could be our only chance of saving this city. I also have to tell him about his brother.

LILIAN: What about his brother?

DOCTOR: Lomas is dead, Lilian. So are all his friends. Lothar and I found their bodies out in the Veldt this

morning.

KORBIN: Oh, glory. Will was right. That's terrible.

DOCTOR: Yes it is. So off you go, you two. Bring them back here.

HEX: Right you are.

RAGPOLE: Of course, Doctor.

DOCTOR: If that's all right with the Oberst, of course?

REENEY: I'll permit it, but don't take too long.

ACE: Ah, there you are. (door closes) It took me ages to find the school. It's the only place I could think of to look.

WILL: Welcome to Rehearsal Room 31. This was my favourite room for study back when Lomas and I first came here.

ACE: What are you playing?

WILL: It's one of Moray's. Given the events of yesterday, I think it's appropriate, don't you? You shouldn't be here, Ace. It's not safe.

ACE: I was worried about you.

WILL: No need. I'm fine. You should go.

ACE: Not until you explain. Back at the café you said that you were responsible for Moray's death. And your brother. What did you mean? Please, Will. I just want to help.

WILL: (sighs) All right. Months ago, before I left for the war, I discovered something in the Archives. Ancient alien scripts found on a distant planet. The archaeologists who unearthed them didn't understand their true significance. Not their field of expertise, I suppose.

ACE: But you understood them.

WILL: Yes, eventually. Bio-harmonics. Completely new kind of music. Pure and raw. Beautiful, but potentially deadly.

ACE: Deadly? The sound that Hex heard at Moray's.

WILL: I realised that I'd stumbled across dangerous knowledge. Too dangerous to just be left for someone else to find, so I erased it from the Archives, and I thought that was an end to it.

ACE: But it wasn't, was it? Your brother...

WILL: Yes. The idiot. He was always trying to compete with me, trying to go one better. Without me knowing, he made a copy of my research on the Ulanti. I discovered what he'd done the day before I was due to ship out. We had a blazing row and I made him swear that he wouldn't do anything with it. I told him how dangerous it could be. Well, he obviously ignored me. Did what *he* wanted just like he always did, and now... now it's too late, he's... he's let something terrible loose and it's killed him.

ACE: You can't be certain of that.

WILL: Yes. I am, I know it. What Hex and Lilian found at Moray's proves it.

ACE: (sighs) I think the Doctor suspected something like this. He didn't want to say anything to you till he was sure. We should go back to the Palace and talk to him, tell him everything.

WILL: What good will that do? It's too late. It's out there now and it can't be stopped.

ACE: Don't underestimate the Doctor. He's good at defying the odds.

WILL: If you really believe that, you can give him this.

ACE: What is it?

WILL: My data-pad. All my compositions are on it, and the Ulanti research notes. It's everything that Lomas copied.

ACE: Thank you. This could be important. But I'm sure the Doctor would still like to speak to you.

WILL: No. I'm waiting here.

HEX: Any sign of them?

RAGPOLE: No. There's no one around. The streets are empty. I went as far as the Lazlo Collection, and that's been shut for the night.

HEX: I asked in an arcade back there. It was just closing too.

RAGPOLE: Oh.

HEX: The owner said a girl fitting Ace's description had come in looking for a soldier. She headed off towards the School Of Music about an hour ago.

RAGPOLE: Oh well, that's... that just down here. Do... do you hear something, Señor Hex?

HEX: No.

RAGPOLE: I could have sworn I... Yes, there.

HEX: I know that sound.

RAGPOLE: You do?

HEX: I know that sound. At Luke Moray's house.

RAGPOLE: Well, perhaps we should get away from here.

HEX: Come on!

RAGPOLE: No, you're mad. We've got to go!

HEX: I'm not going anywhere without Ace.
RAGPOLE: No, Hex. Come back, Señor Hex!

ACE: Is that Moray too?
WILL: No. No. This is me.
ACE: It's beautiful. Oh, it's getting colder in here. I think we should go, Will.
WILL: Get out, Ace. Go find the Doctor, before it's too late.
ACE: What was that? Will, I'm scared, and I don't know why.
WILL: It's coming. Get out, Ace! Run!
ACE: This is what you were hoping would happen, isn't it? You wanted it to come here. To find you!
WILL: Please go, Ace, it'll kill you.
ACE: It'll kill you as well. Don't do this!
WILL: I need to feel it. It killed him and I need to touch it!
(Howling wind, glass smashing.)
ACE: Will! Get out!

[Part Four]

WILL: Run. Run!
ACE: Will, don't get near it.
(Piano being destroyed.)
ACE: Will!
WILL: Go to the door, now!
(Will screams.)
HEX: Ace?
ACE: Will!
HEX: Ace!
ACE: Will!

DOCTOR: Ace?
ACE: (drowsy) Doctor.
DOCTOR: Don't try to get up. You've had a close call.
ACE: Will's dead.
DOCTOR: Yes. I know he is.
ACE: He knew about the noise.
DOCTOR: He discovered it, didn't he?
ACE: Yes. But he knew it was dangerous. Tried to cover it up.
DOCTOR: But somehow Lomas got his hands on it, and paid the price.
ACE: He's dead as well.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid so.
ACE: (sighs) Will knew he was. (sighs) He wanted you to have this.
DOCTOR: His research on the Ulanti bio-harmonics. Thank you. This could help save the lives of everyone on Nocturne.
ACE: Good.
DOCTOR: Ace, I... I'm sorry.
ACE: About Will?
DOCTOR: Yes of course. But more than that. I know you and Thomas Hector were teasing, but you were right. I've got a terrible habit of not telling you enough.
ACE: What?
DOCTOR: You said it yourself? I take you somewhere, and I don't tell you why. Or I don't tell you everything. Or I only tell you everything when it's too late. I'm sorry for that. In my defence, I only do it to protect you.
ACE: I know, Professor.
DOCTOR: I promise, I only brought you here because I thought you'd like it. I didn't expect we'd get involved in anything.
ACE: You never do.
DOCTOR: From the moment Luke Moray was killed I had an idea about what was wrong here. I should have told you. I should have just told you. I put you in danger because I didn't. In the future, I'll make sure I tell you.
ACE: I thought this was the future. If you had told me, Doctor, would Will be alive?
DOCTOR: I don't know. I do know that William Alloran, Thessinger's greatest and most gifted pupil, died young before he could fulfil his promise. I always assumed he died in the war. That was why I was surprised to see him back here. Perhaps I should have guessed when things started to go off the rail.
ACE: I'm sorry too. I know you really like this time, this place. That's why you keep coming back here. I'm

really sorry it's been spoiled by this.

DOCTOR: So am I. I'd better go and sort it out then, hadn't I?

HEX: How is she, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Shaken.

HEX: I'll sit with her a while.

DOCTOR: Yes, I think that's a good idea.

REENEY: So, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Calm yourself, Oberst. Thanks to Will Alloran we now have the information we need.

REENEY: And what does it say?

DOCTOR: You'll have to give me a moment. This material's quite dense. Ah yes. Now, this is the stuff. Material from various cosmographical mission reports, two hundred years old. The Ulanti and their homeworld .

REENEY: I've never heard of the Ulanti.

DOCTOR: That's hardly surprising. They've been dead these last two million years. But in their time, they knew how to write a damn good tune.

ACE: (gasps) Oh, it's you.

HEX: Dreaming?

ACE: Nightmare. Will and that... thing.

HEX: Yeah, I know. I'm sorry, Ace. I know you liked him.

ACE: He knew what was going to happen, you know. He wanted the noise to find him. He was deliberately baiting it, trying to draw it in.

HEX: How do you mean?

ACE: I'm not sure. I think it was the music. It was attracted by Will's playing.

HEX: But why would he do that? I mean, he could have got you killed as well. Nearly did.

ACE: No. He tried to make me leave, but I wouldn't. He blamed himself for what happened to his brother. Guilt. He felt responsible for that noise. Oh, I should never have told him about Moray.

HEX: Oh, don't blame yourself. He'd have found out eventually.

ACE: Yeah. Yeah, I guess so.

HEX: (kiss) Sleep well, Ace. I'm here for you.

REENEY: Who are these Ulanti you keep mentioning?

DOCTOR: The Ulanti, long extinct now, developed a technique called bio-harmonics. To put it simply, they used their own planet as a musical instrument.

KORBIN: I beg your pardon?

RAGPOLE: Fascinating.

DOCTOR: The devices they used were complex machines. An arrangement of core processors, reflectors, synthesisers and resonators.

REENEY: This is all nonsense.

DOCTOR: Not at all. The Ulanti used their devices to create music that was an expression of their own world. A natural melody produced by the biological rhythms of their own ecosystem. And that's what Lomas Alloran tried to do here on Nocturne.

LILIAN: That's beautiful.

DOCTOR: For the Ulanti, yes. Their homeworld was a serene and unspoilt wilderness. Their music was sublime. But Nocturne is not quite so pretty.

LILIAN: Oh, pure, living music.

REENEY: I've heard enough, Doctor. Please. The killings in this city are being committed by, what, a tune?

DOCTOR: Lomas unleashed something, Oberst. He tapped into the essence of Nocturne and gave it a voice to cry out with. The pain of this place, the fear, the darkness, he manifested it. He made it real, he gave it form. And it's growing in power even as we speak.

REENEY: I can't believe we're just sitting here swallowing this nonsense.

LILIAN: I find it quite compelling, actually .

KORBIN: But how do we stop it, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Thanks to Will Alloran's research, I'm sure that I can rig up something that will do the trick.

RAGPOLE: Oh well, thank all that's holy for that. That's the best news we've heard all day.

DOCTOR: Not quite. Our real problem is not stopping it, but finding it. What we really need is...

HEX: Bait?

DOCTOR: Exactly, Mister Hex. Did you have something in mind?

HEX: How about music? Ace said that Will was deliberately trying to attract the thing, with music.

DOCTOR: Yeah.

KORBIN: It's attracted to music?

LILIAN: Perhaps it has good taste.

RAGPOLE: Everyone's a critic these days.

DOCTOR: Every victim so far has been an artist. Not just an artist, but an artist in the act of making art.

REENEY: It is true that all the murders have been in the Artists' Enclave.

DOCTOR: This thing, this phenomenon, is drawn to art and beauty. It's pulled in by the antithesis of itself.

REENEY: So, we can use poetry and music as a lure.

KORBIN: And then what?

DOCTOR: A trap. It'd be very makeshift. I'll need to try and duplicate the devices Lomas set up originally.

REENEY: All right, Doctor. This is incredible, but...

DOCTOR: But you've seen the light ?

REENEY: What do we do?

DOCTOR: You've got contacts, Oberst. A southern pool in the city. This is what we need here. Look. A processor will be the hardest part to procure.

REENEY: All right. I'll get on to the War Department.

DOCTOR: Hex, Ragpole, go with her. Resonators too. Whatever you can find. I'll have to reconfigure to Ulanti specifications.

HEX: On our way.

KORBIN: I'll clear the work room for you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Excellent. Thank you, Korbin.

LILIAN: Doctor.

DOCTOR: Lilian.

LILIAN: Does it really have to be destroyed?

DOCTOR: But Lilian, it almost killed you. It did kill Luke and the Alloran brothers.

LILIAN: Yes, I, I know, and that's terrible of course. But if it really is living art...

DOCTOR: Put it in a frame? Stand it on a plinth? Install it in a museum?

LILIAN: Well...

DOCTOR: No, Lilian. Even if it were possible, this particular masterpiece is deadly. No art, however perfect, should be valued over life.

LILIAN: No. No, I suppose not.

DOCTOR: There's no alternative. It must be destroyed.

(Thunder, heavy rain.)

KORBIN: A filthy night, Doctor. Quite a storm.

DOCTOR: No, not natural either. Hmm. I think the local climate patterns are being disturbed by the gathering power of this thing.

KORBIN: We're still calling it a thing?

DOCTOR: We're still calling it a thing.

KORBIN: And it's getting stronger, you think?

DOCTOR: Hmm, the longer it's out there, the more it draws on the environment. It was powerful to begin with. It's getting frighteningly powerful now. If it's not stopped...

KORBIN: Yes?

DOCTOR: Who knows? Today, Glasst City, tomorrow, the whole of Nocturne. And the day after that...

KORBIN: That's encouraging. How's it coming? You've certainly made a mess of my workroom.

DOCTOR: Pass me that probe.

KORBIN: This one?

DOCTOR: No, the smaller gauge one. Thank you. How do you feel about being bait, then?

KORBIN: Beats running around in the rain, I imagine. What should I play?

DOCTOR: Anything. Anything tuneful, harmonious. Spiritual music. Plainsong. Any Great Mass you happen to know.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Reeney.

KORBIN: Good evening, Oberst. Try not to drip on the carpet.

REENEY: I've managed to get the rest of the equipment you asked for. This is part of it. Hex and Ragpole are following with the rest. I got everything except a loop modulator. One of my techs suggested a pulse compressor might do instead.

DOCTOR: Pulse compressor will be fine.

REENEY: Good, because that's what you've got. Are you ready?

DOCTOR: Another ten, fifteen minutes with any luck. What about you?

REENEY: I've got the curfew in place and Nightwatch patrols out on every cross-street from the Palladio to Saint Olaf's. I've also issued an injunction on all music, poetry reading and forms of artistic expression. But I can't guarantee nobody's going to start practicing the piccolo in their attic.

DOCTOR: That should starve it, bring it here to the Palace, towards the bait.

KORBIN: Hello.

REENEY: I also brought these communicators you asked for.

DOCTOR: Good. Hand them out to everyone.
REENEY: Why?
DOCTOR: Because we all need beaters.
REENEY: Beaters?
DOCTOR: My dear Oberst, have you never hunted a tune before?

RAGPOLE: Are we waiting in the right place?
HEX: The atrium. That's what the Doctor said.
LILIAN: Old Earth. It's quite foul outside.
HEX: There's the Doctor now.
DOCTOR: All set?
REENEY: Each of you, take one of these communicators.
DOCTOR: Did you bring the pots and pans?
HEX: Yep. Er, stuff from the kitchen. Why, what's it for?
DOCTOR: Korbin's setting the bait upstairs. Sweet music to lure it into the Palace compound, but it may need a little persuasion. Harsh noises, discordant sounds. It will be repelled by those as much as it will be drawn by art. We must spread out and make as much noise as we can around the edges of Tanza's Palace once we're sure it's in. Lilian, Lothar, you go anti-clockwise with Hex. Oberst and I will go the other way.
RAGPOLE: Couldn't we get the Familiars to do this instead?
DOCTOR: I've asked Korbin to shut down all the Palace Familiars. We don't want a repeat of what happened out on the Veldt, do we?
RAGPOLE: Er, no. No, good point. But what happens if beating a saucepan with a wooden spoon doesn't work either?
DOCTOR: Improvise. Shout, stamp your feet.
LILIAN: Read it some of your poetry.
RAGPOLE: Hey!
DOCTOR: Actually, that's not a bad idea. Sorry, Lothar.
RAGPOLE: What? I don't have to stand for this.
DOCTOR: I know it's hardly the time or the place to get into this, Lothar, but your verse is abominable.
RAGPOLE: But, but really? It is?
LILIAN: Truly shocking.
RAGPOLE: But ... Oh, but the Muse. It does so like to stalk me.
HEX: Let's hope it's just the Muse.
DOCTOR: My point is anything like that will do. Crude noises, doggerel, anything without artistic merit.
HEX: Right. Let's get to it.
DOCTOR: Best of luck, everybody. Nobody whistle while they work.

DOCTOR [OC]: Korbin, can you hear me?
KORBIN: Er, yes. Yes, Doctor, I can hear you.
DOCTOR [OC]: We're on our way. Start playing bait, if you will.
KORBIN: As you like, Doctor.
(Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. Door opens.)
ACE: Ah! Oh, that's nice. I know that.
KORBIN: The Doctor told me to play bait. I thought, better still, play Beethoven.
ACE: Ha, ha.
KORBIN: Shouldn't you be resting?
ACE: Mmm, probably. This is the Doctor's trap?
KORBIN: Apparently.
ACE: Looks complicated.
KORBIN: Yes it does.
ACE: How does it work?
KORBIN: He didn't tell me.
ACE: Well, how do you turn it on?
KORBIN: He didn't tell me that either.
ACE: He's really got to stop doing that.
KORBIN: I'm sorry?
ACE: Oh, doesn't matter.
KORBIN: I assumed the idea was that he'd get here in time to turn it on.
ACE: As usual, the plan is seamless.
(Music stops.)
KORBIN: Look, perhaps you'd better go and rest. The Doctor won't forgive me if I let you overdo it.
ACE: Oh, can I just stay here on the couch? I won't get in the way.
KORBIN: All right.

(He resumes playing.)

RAGPOLE: See anything?

HEX: Not a thing.

LILIAN: Let's walk through the cloisters.

HEX: Okay.

RAGPOLE: Is my poetry really that bad?

LILIAN: Dear Lothar, you're going to have to put that aside for a moment. We've got work to do.

HEX: Hey. Did you hear that?

LILIAN: Well, just the wind, surely.

HEX: Yeah. I think it was just the wind. Come on.

REENEY: This is the moment, then?

DOCTOR: What moment?

REENEY: Well, if I was right all along, and you are the real danger here, this is the moment when you get me on my own to do away with me.

DOCTOR: Just hold onto your saucepan, woman, and concentrate on the task.

REENEY: Maybe it doesn't like the rain.

DOCTOR: Maybe it doesn't. No. Listen.

REENEY: You're right. Something moved.

DOCTOR: Behind those doors. Put that away. Guns are no use.

REENEY: I like guns.

DOCTOR: I don't.

REENEY: I prefer them to, you know, death?

DOCTOR: It's coming.

(Door opens with a creak.)

FAMILIAR: Your wish, Señora?

REENEY: Oh. One of Thessinger's damn Familiars. They were supposed to have all been shut down.

DOCTOR: Hush, Oberst.

REENEY: We'll be jumping at shadows if they're just roaming about. We...

DOCTOR: Shh, Oberst. Can't you hear? It's right outside.

DOCTOR [OC]: Hex?

HEX: Doctor?

DOCTOR [OC]: We think we've spotted it. We think it's moving your way.

HEX: There's no sign of it, but we'll take a look. Do you see anything?

LILIAN: No.

RAGPOLE: Not a thing.

LILIAN: No, wait! It may be my imagination, or just the simple nature of suggestion...

HEX: No, it's not. Your heart's beating fast, right? You feel scared for no reason?

RAGPOLE: I feel... oh. I feel terrified suddenly. Can we go?

HEX: No we can't. Much as I'd like to. It must be close. It's all I can do to force my feet to work.

RAGPOLE: No, I... I think I might have to run away.

LILIAN: Where is it? Where is it?

HEX: There! It's right there. Doctor, we've found it. Doctor? Something's up with the communicator. Come on, make a noise. (hitting the pan) Come on!

LILIAN: Oh, it doesn't like that, does it?

HEX: No, it doesn't. Come on, Ragpole!

RAGPOLE: Is it safe to look yet?

HEX: Bang your pot, man!

LILIAN: Hex, it's still coming this way.

HEX: I know.

LILIAN: Hex!

RAGPOLE: Oh, what the... (ahem) Lo, my love...

DOCTOR: They've found it.

REENEY: Come on.

DOCTOR: They're through here, but the door's locked. We'll have to find another way around...

(Gunshot.)

DOCTOR: Ah!

REENEY: Guns are useful sometimes. For blowing locks out, as an example.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Hex, Lilian, where are you? Lothar.
HEX: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Are you all right?
HEX: It just kept coming, right at us.
DOCTOR: What happened?
HEX: Ragpole drove it off.
REENEY: How?
RAGPOLE: ... I read it a few lines.
DOCTOR: Good man. Where's Lilian?
HEX: She ran after it. God, she can certainly move for an old girl.
DOCTOR: Which way?
RAGPOLE: It... it seemed to pull away into the Palace.
DOCTOR: Heading for the bait. Heading for Korbin and Ace. And the communicators are dead. Oh, Lilian.
REENEY: Doctor!
HEX: Doctor, wait.

KORBIN: There's been no word from them. Is this communicator thing working, do you suppose? Señora Ace? Ah. Ah. You sleep tight, young lady. (music ends) What next, I wonder? Any requests?
ACE: Hey. That's Will's.
KORBIN: I thought you were asleep.
ACE: Will wrote that, that piece you're playing.
KORBIN: Yes.
ACE: Don't you dare take it. Don't you dare steal it from him just because he's dead.
KORBIN: My dear young lady, I am quite aware of what it is, and I have no intention of...
(Crash! They cry out.)
KORBIN: Oh, glory! I don't want to be bait any more!
ACE: Get away from it. Over by the windows.
LILIAN: Korbin! We can't let this be destroyed. We must find another way.
ACE: Lilian, get out!
DOCTOR: Ace! Ace! Don't let Lilian near the equipment. My word, you're an ugly thing, aren't you? I almost feel sorry for you. The unremitting pain.
ACE: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Ace, hit the switch. Ace, hit the switch!
ACE: Which one?
DOCTOR: Oh, for the love of... The great big red one!
LILIAN: No! You can't kill the music.
ACE: Lilian! No. Let... let me... let me go!
DOCTOR: Now, Ace. Do it now!
(Power builds. Boom. Glass breaking. Thunder outside.)
REENEY: Oh. Has, has it gone?
DOCTOR: Yes, forever. No thanks to Lilian.
RAGPOLE: Is she dead?
DOCTOR: No. A broken arm, I think, and concussion. She'll be all right, but she doesn't deserve to be.
ACE: When I hit the switch, what was that sound?
DOCTOR: An acoustic feedback, modulated to first echo and then cancel out the harmonics of that thing, thus blowing it apart.
ACE: So in layman's terms?
DOCTOR: Call it the Charge of the Leitmotif.
RAGPOLE: Hah. Very droll, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Come on, let's get Lilian to the infirmary.

RAGPOLE: Ah, Señor Thessinger. An unexpected pleasure. You, er, not composing tonight?
KORBIN: Ah, Ragpole. Do you know, I haven't felt so inspired in years. Odd really, considering all that's happened.
RAGPOLE: Hmm. And yet here you are, drinking alone in my salon.
KORBIN: Time to reflect. To remember the good times. I had wondered if the Doctor might be here.
RAGPOLE: I found this note pushed under the salon door this evening.
KORBIN: Ah. (reads) Had to leave due to unforeseen circumstances. Take care until I drop in again. P.S. Don't be too hard on Lilian. Hmm. Will you join me for a glass of something, Ragpole?
RAGPOLE: I'd be delighted, Korbin.
KORBIN: So, how's your latest epic coming along, then?
(Ragpole sighs.)

HEX: Well, the rain's stopped.

ACE: We should have said goodbye at least.

DOCTOR: I left them a note. And I hate goodbyes.

ACE: About Thessinger...

DOCTOR: Korbin Thessinger is about to complete the last great work of his career, his Great Mass. A work that will be celebrated as a masterpiece for as long as humanity persists.

ACE: But...

DOCTOR: I never told you its subtitle. Korbin is very specific in his score. From a theme by William Alloran, my pupil and my better. Posterity will assume that Korbin was moved to write his Great Mass after the death of his favourite pupil in the Foucoo War.

ACE: Will's name will live on.

DOCTOR: His name, and his refrain.

HEX: You're never coming back here, are you, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Never is a long word, Hex.

HEX: But are you? I mean, it's been one of your favourite places, and now that's tarnished. It's the end of an era.

DOCTOR: That's the splendid thing about time travel. It's never the end of an era. I'll be back, sooner or later. When it's quieter.

(Tardis door opens.)

ACE: Doctor? Are you coming? What are you thinking about?

DOCTOR: Take but degree away, untune that string, and hark what discord follows.

HEX: What's that? Another of Ragpole's?

DOCTOR: Thomas Hector Schofield, that's Shakespeare.

ACE: Yeah Hex, didn't you learn anything at school?

HEX: I must have been off that day. Or in Venice.

(They laugh. Tardis door closes, the Tardis dematerialises.)